t. Charles Seminary Library
Carthagena, Ohio
JUN 3

COURIER EAST: A STORY

—Bruce A. Cool

THE

Commonweal

Commemorating the Civil War

Rally Round What Flag?

by Howard N. Meyer

Communist China Today

Year of the Ox

by Ming Ho

NORTH OF AMSTERDAM: A POEM . . . . . by Larry Rubin
PILGRIM IN THE EAST . . . . . by Anne Fremantle
TWO BY MERTON . . . . . by Thomas P. McDonnell
PRIAPEAN JAPES . . . . . by Max Cosman

lume LXXIV, No. 11 June 9, 1961 Twenty-Five Cents

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY

Founded 1789

SUMMER SCHOOL

First Session—June 15-July 25

Second Session—July 27-Sept. 2

CHRISTIAN POLITICAL THEORY
(July 10-21)

CRITICISM: MODERN FICTION
(July 10-21)

WRITERS CONFERENCE
(Aug. 7-18)

Air Conditioned Classrooms

Co-Educational
Graduate and Undergraduate Courses

Accounting	Government
Astronomy	History
Biology	Linguistics
Business Administration	Mathematics
Chemistry	Nursing
Economics	Philosophy
English	Physics
Geography	Theology

European, Mid-Eastern and Oriental Languages

For complete catalog or information:

DIRECTOR OF SUMMER SCHOOL
36th & N Streets, N. W., Washington 7, D. C.
FEderal 7-3300

THIS WEEK

Week by Week 267

Ransoming the Captives
by James O'Gara 270

Rally Round What Flag?
by Howard N. Meyer 271

Year of the Ox
by Ming Ho 274

The Screen
by Philip T. Hartung 278

The Stage
by Richard Hayes 279

Courier East: A Story
by Bruce A. Cook 280

North of Amsterdam: A Poem
by Larry Rubin 283

Books 284

THE COMMONWEAL
232 MADISON AVENUE
NEW YORK 16

Editor
EDWARD S. SKILLIN

Managing Editor
JAMES O'GARA

Associate Editors
JAMES FINN
RICHARD HORCHLER

Drama Critic: RICHARD HAYES; *Movie Critic:* PHILIP T. HARTUNG; *Paris:* ROBERT BARRAT; *Rome:* GUNNAR D. KUMLIEN; *Great Britain:* MICHAEL P. FOGARTY

JOHN BRUBAKER: *Advertising Manager*

Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Orange, Conn., under the act of March 3, 1879. Second-class postage paid at Orange, Conn. Printed in the U.S.A. and published weekly, except biweekly from mid-July to mid-September, at 440 Post Road, Orange, Conn., by The Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc., 232 Madison Ave., New York 16, N.Y. MUrray Hill 3-2042.

Copyright © 1961 The Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc.

U.S. and Canada, $8 a year. Foreign, $10. Single copies 25¢
Printed at the Wilson H. Lee Co., Orange, Conn.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE
Commonweal
A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature, and the Arts
THIRTY-SEVENTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

week by week

A QUESTION OF RESPONSIBILITY

SHOULD THE Freedom Riders continue their non-violent assault on illegal and immoral discriminatory practices in the South? The leaders of the movement have faced the question in all its gravity and have given their answer. In spite of Attorney General Kennedy's plea for a "cooling-off period," they have decided not only to continue but to extend their efforts.

There are many people sympathetic with these efforts to end the tradition of racial discrimination in this country who question the decision to continue the present drive. They argue that the present campaign, though non-violent, provokes violence in others; that present tense relations may suddenly erupt into widespread racial riots; that a bitter reaction may sweep away much that has been won at a great cost.

These and other arguments are not lightly to be dismissed. They have, it is evident, convinced many Americans who are sympathetic to the general aims of the Freedom Riders. One such supporter was quoted by the N.Y. *Times* as saying that "for persons just to test and challenge is too much like baiting. They don't appeal to any underlying sympathy among Southerners. This becomes a dare, not a protest."

All of this advice is cogent and reasonable. Unfortunately the history of race relations in this country has rendered it irrelevant and useless. For Martin Luther King, the leaders of the N.A.A.C.P. and of C.O.R.E.—who rejected the plan for a cooling-off period—have reason on their side too, and it is there joined by legal right and moral passion. It should not be forgotten that while these leaders are, indeed, leaders they have not created the pressures which they are channeling and directing. If they follow a course of "moderation" and of "backing up a bit" they will no longer be leaders but laggard followers of others who will have surged beyond them. The Negroes in this country have learned that what gains they win they must fight for themselves. They need and welcome the sympathy and help they get from their white fellow citizens, of course, but the brunt of the battle is theirs and they know it. And they have too long listened to the prudent voice urging caution and moderation for it to sound pleasant in their ears.

ELSEWHERE in this issue Howard N. Meyers writes: "The post-war conquest by the white South seemed impregnable until a few short years ago. . . . But while segregation—with all its implications—has been defeated and is in retreat, it has not surrendered, and the harsh fact of everyday life in the Deep South is that the white minority favoring resistance to the authority of the United States and rebellion against the constitutional warrant of the Supreme Court rules."

In one of the most crucial struggles in our nation's history, the present Freedom Riders are meeting this entrenched ruling minority head on. Their action calls for, it has received, and it must continue to receive active support from our federal government. Speaking for the N.A.A.C.P., Roy Wilkins said that "any state law or custom which is not in compliance with the Constitution is subject to challenge at any time by any citizen who chooses to act to enjoy his rights." Rejecting completely the idea that citizens pursuing rights were "provocators, or inciters to disorders or violence," he added: "We further reject the contention that Negro citizens should voluntarily declare a moratorium on their efforts to challenge the denial of their rights, and should permit segregation-as-usual in the interest of lessened tension."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

With these sentiments we fully concur. For the Freedom Riders to withdraw because of the threat of further violence is to grant to violence a place it cannot occupy in an ordered society. And to make this threat the basis of a plea for "moderation" is to overlook that slow violence which has for so long been visited upon the Negro in our society. One cannot know beforehand the outcome of the decision to continue and intensify the present campaign. Greater violence is a distinct possibility, and it may break out. We pray it does not. But if it does, we must not allow the responsibility for that violence to be misplaced. It rests not upon those who fight for their rights, but upon those who deny them; not upon those who act within the law, but those who abuse it; not upon the Freedom Riders, but upon those who attack —and those who fail to protect—these brave and determined people.

KOREAN REVOLT

IT IS TOO early to reach a firm opinion about the Korean army revolt, which has dealt another blow to American prestige in the Far East. The deposed Chang government was well-meaning but weak and ineffectual. It failed to develop the dynamism required to meet the country's desperate economic problems. Traditional corruption due to low government-pay schedules was a lesser factor. Also there was talk of Communist infiltration.

Positively, the junta is insisting on at least two very real essentials. The first is order and discipline which, to the generals, deserve precedence over democracy and civil rights at this juncture. The second is even more basic. The uprising took place in the "green famine" season, when last year's harvest is exhausted and the first of this year's is not yet in—the season which emphasizes the unsoundness of an economy in which the peasant farmers and fishermen, who make up the bulk of the population, mortgage their crops and catch to money-lenders who charge up to eighty per cent interest. At this season the peasant then has nothing to show for a year's hard labor. Here is one problem the junta appears to be tackling head on by cracking down on the usurers.

Missionaries and others working to help Korea know all too well the present plight of starving peasant and city jobless. We have little liking for military juntas that depose duly-elected governments, but there is no denying the problems that brought the generals to power.

SECOND STATE OF THE UNION

EXTRAORDINARY times demand extraordinary measures, President Kennedy has reminded us, and he has accordingly delivered a precedent-breaking "second State of the Union" report to the Congress. In this special message he spelled out for the Congress his conclusion that America must take bold new steps to meet the special challenges of our times.

The actions the President called for were many and far-reaching. He asked for a sharp increase in foreign aid expenditures; a complete overhaul of our defense organization; a stepping-up of United States Information Agency activities, particularly in Latin America and Asia; a tripling of the funds presently scheduled for civil defense; a strengthened and enlarged disarmament agency.

By far the most important part of the President's message, however, was his declaration that the U.S. must embark on an all-out, first-priority effort to forge ahead in the space race. Particularly, he said that America should commit itself to the goal of sending a man to the moon and back within a decade. Such an achievement would require mighty efforts and huge expenditures, he pointed out, and he called for 679 million dollars for space projects in the next year and seven to nine billion dollars over the next five years.

Most Congressmen were impressed by the vigor and sweep of the Presidential plans, and words like "magnificent" and "tremendous" were heard on both sides of the chamber. Republican comment was generally less enthusiastic, focusing not unexpectedly on the cost of the proposed new programs. Senator Kenneth Keating of New York was one Republican who hailed the speech, calling it an "alarm clock to waken the nation." But such Republican reaction was at least balanced by the disapproval of conservative Southern Democrats.

Our own feelings are a little more involved. Much of what the President said was not only exciting but far-seeing and even inspiring. Describing what should be America's role in the world of today, he said: "We stand for freedom. That is our conviction for ourselves—that is our only commitment to others. . . . "

Elsewhere, the President made clear his sympathy and understanding for the aspirations of "the rising peoples." "Theirs is a revolution we would support," he said, "regardless of the 'cold war,' and regardless of which political or economic route they should choose to freedom." He repudiated the formalism and unreality of the Dulles-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Eisenhower messianic foreign policy: "Experience has taught us that no one nation has the power or the wisdom to solve all the problems of the world or manage its revolutionary tides—that extending our commitments does not always increase our security. . . ." He affirmed the lesson which has been painfully taught by recent events in Southeast Asia: "Military pacts cannot help nations whose social injustice and economic chaos invite insurgency and penetration and subversion."

On a dozen subjects in his all-inclusive speech, Mr. Kennedy's words were informed, reasoned and responsible. He did not forget, in expressing satisfaction at the nation's economic recovery, that our continuing problem of unemployment becomes "intolerable" in a period of general prosperity. And he stressed, amid all the attention to defense, his Administration's determination "to go the last mile in patience" toward disarmament.

Nevertheless, we can't dispel certain feelings of uneasiness over the President's speech as a whole. We are not convinced of the wisdom of placing first national priority on the "moon race," as we have said before in these pages. That the development of space technology is important cannot be denied, but it does not seem to us that this is the area of competition on which a free society should stake its all. Concern on this score is intensified by Mr. Kennedy's statement that the urgency of the space race should prepare us for possible diversion of our effort from "other important areas."

We are similarly uneasy about the suggestions in the President's address that the nation must put itself on a quasi-war footing, in terms of government controls, suggestions which are not contradicted by previous recommendations along this line, notably in regard to press censorship. The fact that the national goal of civil rights for all our citizens is alluded to only in one sentence also gives rise to some misgivings.

Most of our reservations about a speech which might ordinarily call for cheers and rejoicing may stem from the shock and disillusionment of the Cuba debacle and the President's truculent, Dulles-like response to it. Some of President Eisenhower's foreign-policy statements were occasionally alarming in the extreme, until it was discovered that he didn't really mean them. Mr. Kennedy's campaign statements, on the other hand, were comforting in the extreme, but the Cuban affair, and his "go-it-alone" speech afterward, raised the possibility that perhaps he really didn't mean them. Now, like many Americans no doubt, we are not quite sure how to take his statements. About a program for America which answers many of our hopes, we must nonetheless limit ourselves to two cheers.

NEW LEASE ON LIFE?

THERE NOW appears to be some chance of a revival of rail travel in this country. It will be of a special sort. It will not mean new "crack" trains between distant cities, as planes are so much more efficient. Rather it will take the form of modernized commuter service, normally the most unprofitable of all rail operations.

If this rebirth takes place, it will not primarily be due to managerial brilliance or the pressure of understandably anxious railway workers or their unions. It will not result from irresistible nostalgia either. The change will come, if it does, for lack of a feasible alternative.

That was one impression given recently in an N.B.C. "White Paper" on American railroads. A plan being considered for metropolitan San Francisco, for instance, reflected the fact that congestion on the city's radial highways is reaching the saturation point. Delays in travel by car make this mode of transit increasingly inefficient, and as the suburbs and human and car population grow, a new local rail transportation system appears to provide the only practicable answer.

Governor Brown, speaking of Los Angeles, pointed out that each new "freeway" not only involves the heaviest public expense but at the same time cuts deeply into the amount of the city's taxable property. One might add the wear and tear on nervous systems from bucking the traffic maze twice a day and the growing task of finding parking space. This is a community rather than a private-business problem; in most cases the state will need to step in. For example, the New York Central will add fifty-three new lighter, air-conditioned cars, containing seven thousand seats, to its commuter service next year. Half the cost is borrowed from New York State, to be repaid in the form of "rent" for twenty-five years.

Washington itself has not been idle in this matter. The Case-Magnuson bill would permit commuter representatives to testify before the I.C.C. when railroads apply to shut down lines. Senator Harrison Williams is pushing a hundred fifty million dollar appropriation toward setting up a federal urban mass transit program.

Suburbanites who are painfully aware of deteriorating commuter services and abandoned lines should take heart.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RANSOMING THE CAPTIVES

I WAS INTERESTED in Washington's reaction to Castro's offer to exchange twelve hundred of his Cuban captives for five hundred bulldozers. The United States government would permit such an exchange, the State Department said, overlooking Castro's cynical equation of human life with bulldozers because of our own concern for "purely humanitarian" considerations.

I would guess, though, that there is more worry inside the Kennedy Administration than the official statement would indicate. There would, after all, be nothing humanitarian accomplished if Castro's success in getting what he wants encourages other governments to play the same game, seizing Americans or their own pro-Western nationals for the purpose of bargaining with the United States.

Nonetheless, in this case any debate would seem purely academic. United States involvement in the abortive Cuban invasion was so deep, and so incredibly mismanaged, that we have a public debt to the Cuban captives—a debt that five hundred tractors will not begin to pay in full. If Castro does not back out—something that is by no means certain—I see no choice but to give him what he wants, with the hope that the Cuban leader's blackmail will cost him dear throughout Latin America and the rest of the world.

As far as the U.S. is concerned, the Cuban affair has already cost us far more than five hundred tractors. The unfortunate twelve hundred were captured weeks ago, but I am no closer today than I was then to understanding why we did what we did or to grasping what possessed President Kennedy to give his approval to the venture. The Gallup poll reports that President Kennedy's personal popularity hit an all-time, incredible high after the failure of the Cuban invasion. This finding is said to have puzzled Mr. Kennedy considerably; it certainly puzzles me.

It will perhaps be objected that such critical comment represents hindsight. But in this case hindsight is all that is available to us, and even now we do not know the full story of what went on. Originally it looked as if the C.I.A. was to blame for the fiasco—although this explanation left unanswered what the responsible officers of the Administration were doing while the C.I.A. planned and executed the operation. Now various leaks and inspired stories out of Washington indicate that the C.I.A. had plenty of company in this matter, up to and including the joint chiefs of staff.

From the beginning President Kennedy has tried to avoid a full-scale public investigation of the Cuban affair by declaring that he and he alone must take responsibility for it. In this effort he has been supported by former President Eisenhower, who has urged backing for the President and deplored any attempt at what he calls a national witch-hunt. All this is fair enough, in the sense that President Kennedy is the Chief Executive, and constitutionally he must bear the responsibility for the acts of his Administration. But Mr. Kennedy's affirmation of this fact can hardly end the matter. It seems to me the Cuban affair cannot be called closed until we have some assurance that the President and Congress at least know what happened, where things went wrong, and how we are going to avoid such disasters in the future.

We have, it now seems quite clear, suffered the worst results of two contrary policies. After denying for months the Castro charge that Cuba faced invasion from the United States, we now bear the onus of having launched from our shores a force that was organized, armed and put ashore by U.S. forces. At the same time we did what we did so ineffectively that the attempt failed miserably, strengthening Castro immeasurably, and delivering into his hands the twelve hundred captives we now seek to ransom.

In some quarters critics of the Cuban adventure have been dismissed as being simply bad losers. There is a risk in any policy we follow, the argument goes; we lost this time, and therefore there is an outcry. But I think there is more to it than that. Knowing what we now do about the nature and extent of U.S. involvement in the affair, I think we are deceiving ourselves unless we face this fact: even if the landings in Cuba had been completely successful, we would have had to pay a very heavy price for the venture once our role became clear, especially throughout Latin America.

Despite the official protestations of their governments, there are at least half a dozen Latin American countries in which anti-U.S. and pro-Castro sentiment is dangerously high. Anxious as we are to see Castro topple, practical political wisdom is needed now as never before. What exactly does anyone think it would have profited us or the world if popular reaction to our part in unseating Castro had made it possible for the pro-Soviet parties in these countries to seize power? Yet such an eventuality would not have been at all unlikely.

Let us ransom the twelve hundred if that is possible, and then let us see what we can learn from this bitter lesson. I agree with President Kennedy that we have yet to find an effective means of coping with the Communist tactics of guerrilla activities and civil warfare. But I do not think our problems in Latin America can be solved by sending in the Marines—or Cubans in Marine uniforms, either. JAMES O'GARA.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Rally Round What Flag?

The Civil War should be commemorated but not in a manner that emboldens Southern racists

by HOWARD N. MEYER

THE INITIAL PHASE of the Civil War Centennial commemorative program had its climax on April 12 at Charleston, S.C., with a "National Assembly" of participating organizations, the opening sale of a U.S. postage stamp designed to mark the firing on Fort Sumter, and the dedication of a monument to the Southerner who fired the first shot at his country's flag a century ago.

The Commission which is presiding over the commemorative program was quietly created in 1957 by a Congress dominated by Southern Democrats; its membership was appointed by President Eisenhower, Vice-President Nixon and House Speaker Sam Rayburn. This group has arranged the details of a four-year historical pageant the importance of which cannot be overlooked: it will influence tremendously the attitude of millions of young Americans—especially school children—toward the War, its causes, and its effects.

One is first tempted to say that the Commission's plans have been marked by a kind of equal treatment: reverence as much for the Stars and Bars as for the Stars and Stripes; honor as much for Jefferson Davis as for Abraham Lincoln; tributes for the Boys in Gray as much as the Boys in Blue; equality, that is, for all except the Negro. But actually the Union hasn't received equal treatment. There was a re-enactment of Lincoln's Inaugural, and that's all. On the Confederate side there has been a celebration of the shots fired on the *Star of the North,* a U.S. Naval relief ship for Sumter, a recreation of the Confederate "Constitutional Convention," and a week of festivities to celebrate the memory of the Inauguration of Jefferson Davis, with " 'The Man and the Hour' pageant, with cast of 600; ante-bellum style shows and mansion tours; commemoration ball (costume)."

All this was happily announced under the signature of General U.S. Grant III, Chairman of the Commission and grandson of the soldier who crushed the rebellion. Chairman Grant is eighty years old, and apparently still accepts the ideology that prevailed during his turn-of-the-century youth: that North-South reconciliation is more important than the human rights of the Negro.

THE RELATIONSHIP of the Civil War to civil rights is, of course, intimate, ironic and tragic. Yet it was privately decided, in the Centennial planning, to suppress all reference to the moral and political issues at stake—and decided, one had thought—in the War. The Commission revealed, in a report to Congress in 1958 which went unchallenged, that the heirs of the secessionists in the state governments of the South were to control the ideological content of all ceremonies: "Such observances should not be directed from Washington; they should spring into being in response to the wish of the people in each political subdivision." The result was that, as may be seen in the plans unfolding now, only military events and human tragedy are to be commemorated, not the extension of American liberty to all men.

The Commission's policies are accurately expressed in its only widely distributed publication, a booklet for public information called "Facts About the Civil War." This slick-paper, two-color brochure (in which the Stars and Bars of the Confederacy, on the inside front cover, dominates the Stars and Stripes only slightly) resembles nothing so much as a Souvenir Program for a North-South stadium extravaganza. There is even a section describing the military forces of 1861 under the caption "The Starting Line-ups."

It is what the brochure does not say, however, rather than what it does, that is most important. A man from Mars (or Stanleyville or Vientiane) after reading the twenty pages of this fact-packed product of the Commission would not know that the War was *about* anything. The word "Negro" is not used, nor

Mr. Meyer is a member of the New York and U.S. Supreme Court Bars and a former Special Assistant to the U.S. Attorney General.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is it mentioned that human slavery was involved in the conflict. Although the brochure offers a compendium of every conceivable type of statistic about the War, the reader will not learn that Negro soldiers made up twelve percent of the victorious Northern army and that they sustained eighteen percent of the Union fatalities. There is no mention, in the nine pages of detailed statistical summary, of the hundred and twenty Negro infantry regiments, nor of the twenty-two Negro artillery regiments nor of the seven Negro cavalry regiments that helped defeat the rebellion.

Until a quarter of a century ago, there would have been nothing surprising about the choice of values made by the Commission. Even today, many school textbooks, throughout the country, are oriented to blame an "unnecessary" Civil War on the Abolitionists and to rationalize the secession as forced by the "fanaticism" of Northern statesmen like Charles Sumner. It is not often mentioned that the Negro wanted freedom and that he helped to fight for it. Then, too, the conventional textbook blames the post-Reconstruction subjugation of the Southern Negro on the victim, who was "ignorant" and "did not know what to do with freedom." All this is a by-product of the white South's counterattack, which by 1900 had completed an ideological conquest of the North and a socio-economic reconquest of the Southern Negro.

This post-War conquest by the white South seemed impregnable until a few short years ago. The herald of its certain and final defeat was the desegregation decision of the Supreme Court of 1954 which wiped out the memory of an earlier Court's acceptance of Jim Crow. But while segregation—with all its implications —has been defeated and is in retreat, it has not surrendered, and the harsh fact of everyday life in the Deep South is that the white minority favoring resistance to the authority of the United States and rebellion against the constitutional warrant of the Supreme Court still rules.

ATTEMPTS to bring about a token beginning of compliance with the Court's ruling have been brought to a standstill in Virginia. The presence of a Governor-Congressman from that state as Vice-Chairman of the Centennial Commission may in part, prehaps, account for the make-up of the following portion of the description given, in the Chairman's name, of the nature of the Centennial:

"What will the Civil War Centennial be like? It will last four years. Battles will be re-enacted, many on a huge scale. Colorful ceremonies will be held, exhibitions of war trophies and mementos organized. There will be memorials, parades, new historical markers and a great many special ceremonies. . . Virginia, which played so great a role in the war, is building a $600,000 Centennial Center at Richmond, the capital of the Confederacy, and restoring and marking its historic battlefields. One of the most famous is that of Bull Run. Next summer, the sights and sounds of the 100-year-old battle will be recreated. Some 3000 men will restage the battle for an audience that will include the President, the Governor of Virginia and many other dignitaries. General Lee's memorable cry will once more ring out over that historic field: 'There stands Jackson like a stone wall! Rally behind the Virginians!' "

The stone wall of 1961, it might be said, is one that keeps little children out of the schools that the Constitution has been held to entitle them to attend. For it has been estimated that if school desegregation continues at the pace of the last seven years, it will take four thousand years before every child in the South is placed in a schoolroom to which access is organized in conformity with federal Constitutional requirements. That creeping pace is determined now by those in the South who have seceded from obedience to court rulings, and the plans of the Centennial Commission to date are aid and comfort to them.

As only one example, is it mere coincidence that it was in Montgomery, Alabama that the most elaborate and prolonged ritual in observance of the birth of the Confederacy was staged in February 1961—and that martial law was needed to protect a meeting in a Negro church in May?

A federal body appointed to consider how to mark the one hundredth anniversary of the War of Emancipation should have been aware of the historical role of the Cult of the Confederacy as propaganda-camouflage behind which was completed the defeat of Reconstruction and the degradation of the Negro in the late nineteenth century. The object of the Cult was to bring about the acceptance of a three-part myth: that the South fought nobly for an ideal that deserved the blood shed for it; that the old South laid waste by the War was a fine, romantic, noble place; and that the romantic noblemen who lived there did more for their slaves than the latter could or ever would do for themselves.

The Fable of the Old South and the Myth of the Lost Cause were dissected a few years ago by Professor C. Vann Woodward of Johns Hopkins in his *Origins of the New South*. He explored the economic links between the converted Whigs of the post-Reconstruction "New" South and the Northern industrial Republicans of the Gilded Age who invested there. In connection with that alliance "one of the most significant inventions of the New South was the 'Old South'—a new idea in the eighties, and a legend of incalculable potentialities."

Shortly after the War, the Louisville *Courier-Journal* said: "the 'bonny blue flag' is the symbol of nothing to the present generation of Southern men. . . The Southern Confederacy went down forever fifteen years ago. Its issues and ensigns went down with it." A few years

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

later, however, Jefferson Davis was resurrected from his political exile to help mend the fences of a corrupt local politician in Georgia. He was borne up and down his old dominions to a continuous ovation. The Lost Cause was then retrieved from history's discard to become a way of life: "In 1895 the United Daughters of the Confederacy was organized in the capital of the New South, Atlanta. Only then, when the movement was taken into custody by Southern Womanhood, did the cult of the Lost Cause assume a religious character. Monuments were planted in courthouse squares—usually the figure of a soldier facing North, gun in hand."

The success of Southern apologists meant not merely that the Confederate side of the War was hygenized and glamorized. The cause of the North was correspondingly demeaned. Moreover, it was consistent with the needs of the exploding postwar economy of the East that there should be distorted and suppressed the meaning of the most humanistic and progressive period of American political thought. The period of Abolitionism and Transcendentalism, of the Underground Railroad and Brook Farm was swept under the rug. It is part of that development that when one thinks today of the word "abolitionist" one associates it with "fanatic" or "zealot." Accordingly, such figures as William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Charles Sumner, and, yes, Thaddeus Stevens, have been cruelly dealt with.

These men form a noble part of our national heritage, and it is not a matter of sectional pride that raises the point. The rebels may have manufactured the Myth of the Old South, but it was the Yankees who accepted it. The New South wanted the moral significance of Abolition to be forgotten, but it was the New North that did the forgetting. The guilty responsibility for the century of deferral of true emancipation of the Negro is heavy enough to be shared through all America, including those of us of immigrant stock who accepted from the nineties to the fifties the tainted gift of White Supremacy, as a compensation for our own second-class citizenship. When John Jay Chapman spoke at Coatesville, Pennsylvania, in 1912, in memory of a particularly brutal lynching of a year before, he traced its roots to the "wickedness of all America and of three hundred years—the wickedness of the slave trade. All of us are tinctured by it. No special place, no special persons are to blame." The crime of the Southern Redeemers who overthrew the Reconstruction governments was shared by the Northern conservatives, who had tired of the Negro by 1877 and left him to his terrible fate.

THE CIVIL WAR should be commemorated, but not in a manner that drains it of all meaning, in military dumb shows, and not in a manner which emboldens those guilty today of offenses identified with the Secession. Lincoln's Second Inaugural address closed with an appeal for "malice toward none and charity for all," but it did establish what the conflict was about: "One eighth of the population were colored slaves, not distributed generally over the Union but localized in the Southern part of it. These slaves constituted a peculiar and powerful interest. All knew that this interest was somehow the cause of the war. To strengthen, perpetuate and extend this interest was the object for which the insurgents would rend the Union even by war. . . It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces, but let us judge not, that we be not judged."

There was courage and devotion and tragedy on both sides during the Civil War. It does not detract from the magnificent heroism of the men of the South, nor does it deny the sacrifice of its women, to insist that the cause that was lost was founded on an evil. One does not have to deny the tragedy of blasted homes and lives to say that the Old South depended on an iniquitous social system that could not be tolerated in America. It does not serve America well, in the world of 1961, to ignore the evil and iniquity of slavery in marking the Centennial of the conflict.

Our country is still torn at home and dishonored abroad because of the victory snatched from the jaws of Reconstruction by the side that had lost the War. That victory was the establishment of the prerogative of the former slave states to impose segregation, in place of chattel slavery, as the basis of race relations. James M. Dabbs, the Southerner who heads the Southern Regional Council, has observed that segregation, in a way, is worse than slavery, in that it extends arbitrary power over every Negro to every white man; before Emancipation a white man would at least move cautiously with respect to a Negro who was not his own property, lest he run afoul of the law.

The persistence of the doctrine of White Supremacy a century after the War lends a certain unintended plausibility to the arguments of the increasingly large "neutral" school of Civil War historians who propagate the view that it was a "needless war" and that it "settled nothing." Without entering the entire range of controversy suggested by that approach, one can press the view that the War settled at least this: that the loose federal union against which the slave states rebelled became, as a result of the War, a cohesive national government. The pressures that created such a strong central national government gave it the vigor to expand from coast to coast and ultimately to become a great world power. Thus, ironically, the South strengthened that against which it had risen to fight.

The time has surely come for an end to the cowardly Civil War that has been waged by howling mobs against little children; by hundreds of male students against a single co-ed. The desegregation decisions of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Supreme Court have a potential strength that does not stem solely from the Constitutional supremacy of the Court; they have the vitality and force that come from being the moral decision of the American people as a whole, and our central government is not merely entitled but obliged to put them into effect.

TO CELEBRATE now, as if it were simply an occasion in which to take pride, the inaugural of Jefferson Davis, or to re-enact the battle of Bull Run with overtones of incitation of resistance to federal authority ("Rally behind the Virginians") is to rebuff and betray the really patriotic and loyal commemorators of the Centennial: the mothers of the Silent South, working to save their schools; the children braving the violence of a stone-throwing rabble who wave Confederate flags; the businessmen who advertise in a New Orleans newspaper: "We urge that the education of our youth be not interrupted and that dignity be restored to our community. We are pround that we are citizens of the United States of America and we recognize allegiance to this union. We ask others to join us in these sentiments."

It remains to be seen, with a Massachusetts man in the White House, whether the Centennial plans will be modified. The program that drains the War of all its meaning was prepared by appointees of a President born in Kansas—once, ironically, bleeding Kansas. These men ignored completely a forceful declaration of policy of the G.A.R., the Union veterans organization that Eisenhower had often saluted: "Those who wore one uniform and fought under one flag, fought for their country and were right, while those who wore the other uniform and fought under the other banner, fought against their country and were wrong. No sentimentality and no commercial efforts to efface these radical differences should be encouraged by any true patriot."

A similar thought had occurred to the Founding Fathers of 1789. They had provided in Article III of the Constitution that "treason against the United States shall consist. . . in levying war against them." When the firing on Fort Sumter was re-enacted, in a setting of live oaks and magnolias, who was there to remind the play-actors, in ever so small a voice, that the original shot was, after all, treason?

COMMUNIST CHINA TODAY

Year of the Ox

by MING HO

THERE IS a saying in Chinese that corresponds to the English expression "a herculean task"; a literal translation of this saying is "the effort of nine oxen and two tigers." The cliché-prone Chinese like to use this expression to refer to anything that requires extraordinary strength. But the Chinese Communists, with all their predilection for inventing names ("Let-a-Hundred-Flowers-Bloom" and the "Great Leap Forward"), have not yet come up with a "bullish" label to mark the period following the "Great Leap." And this despite the fact that 1961, according to the lunar calendar, is known as the Year of the Ox.

There is indeed something bovine in the temper and general characteristics of the Peking regime: its single-minded determination, its obstreperousness, and the consciousness of its own strength. Its achievements during the last decade have been tremendous; yet, following two years of disastrous harvest failures and other adverse calculations, the Year of the Ox is likely to prove a crucial one. Whatever adjustments the Chinese Communists have to work out to make communization work for 650 million people is bound to tax every fiber of the national strength, and perhaps even the very fiber of the Party organization.

The Party's dilemma is compounded of an unusual strength and a serious weakness. First of all, China in 1961 must be recognized as a strong, united country. To speculate otherwise is likely to prove a costly illusion. Since it came to power in 1949, the government has successfully carried out policies to wipe out all opposition and to remove all possibility of opposition or deviation. Within a decade, three different stages of consolidation have been completed—the liquidation of the landlords, the nationalization of all industry and business, large and small, and the major rectification campaign of 1958, the so-called "thought reform" of the intellectuals. (The word *intellectual* in Chinese is generally very loosely interpreted to mean simply the educated elements of society, i.e., students and teachers, writers and artists.) These three stages

Ming Ho is the pseudonyn of a native-born Chinese who is now a citizen of the United States.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

culminated in the establishment of the commune system, first in the rural areas and recently introduced into large urban centers like Canton and Shanghai. Sporadic cases of discontent are usually not mentioned by the press; failures of certain government policies are always blamed on the critics. Thus the authority of the regime always remains unscathed.

Rigid control exists to the extent that newspapers published in one province of China cannot be brought into another. The government alone decides what publications can be sold in Hong Kong, and the government determines what can be told the people in different sections of the country. But government exhortation that regulates every activity of the people is uniform throughout the land, and it is encountered everywhere and at all times. An English newspaperman who returned from China last summer reported in the Hong Kong press that even in the trolley car, during the rush hours, the girl conductor would not just say "move down the aisle, please"; she would invariably deliver a lecture on how the virtues of kindness and nobility would help to strengthen the new society.

THROUGH every medium that can be controlled—radio, press, slogans and posters, schools and compulsory group meetings, street corner puppet shows, dance and opera programs—through all these devices, people are being constantly reminded that the Communist revolution has now entered upon a new stage, having emerged from the democratic revolution into the stage of proletarian socialism, or collectivism. Collective living characterizes every activity of the Chinese people, watched over by the huge monolithic image, the benign-looking face of Chairman Mao.

Especially in recent months, the adulation and praise of Chairman Mao appears to have reached the most feverish intensity. A typical song in praise of him reads something like this:

Chairman Mao is the red sunshine, that glows over the four corners of the earth.

Because of having you, hundreds of flowers send forth their fragrance in the spring.

Because of having you in the summer, rice sprouts are coming out in the fields.

Because of having you in the autumn, golden grains are piled high in the granaries.

Because of having you in the winter, snow and ice will melt and people no longer suffer from cold.

Probably more songs and poems of this kind are being written in China in a single day than all the advertising jingles that American housewives send in to all the commercial contest in a year.

Of course, it would not be true to say that all 650 million Chinese are ardent Communists: the population can be roughly divided into two groups—the older generation and the younger generation, keeping in mind that those who are twenty-five or younger today have all received their formative education in the orthodox Communist manner. The older people are resigned and submissive—they have to submit in order to survive; and they are mostly awed, though not necessarily inspired to work harder, by the achievements of the new regime. The young people, however, have reason to be proud of the new country, especially of China's status as a great power.

Even in Formosa, a college graduate (who is in his early thirties and who has lived there since 1948), in talking to me about the corruptions of the Nationalist government, shook his head and said, "Maybe we need the Communists to make something out of China." Despite claims to popular democracy, Formosa maintains a censorship just as resolute as the Communist government on the mainland. Not much news of Red China that is good ever gets printed; and, as a matter of fact, even United States publications sometimes have trouble in getting through the Customs in Formosa. Not long ago *Time* magazine had a portrait of Mao on the front cover; copies of that issue did not reach subscribers in Formosa until the government had stamped, in a big character, the Chinese word for "bandit" on the face of Mao; last August the *National Geographic Magazine* carried a series of photographs of Peking taken by a Canadian reporter. All copies of this issue were seized and confiscated by the Customs. If those in Formosa can get excited over what is happening on the mainland, one can easily understand why the Asians, especially the newly independent peoples like the Indonesians or the Vietnamese, all have their imagination galvanized by the example of Red China.

The strength and the unity of the nation are undergirded by the 650 million people who are working at a furious pace. Many Americans have seen Chinese laundrymen, say in the basement of a brownstone in Manhattan, working from dawn to dusk and have marveled at their physical stamina, but such physical endurance does not even remotely resemble the kind of effort and sacrifice now required by the Communist regime. Take the schedule of students in China as an example: the fifty-two weeks in a year are divided into thirty-three weeks of study, five weeks of exams, eight weeks of required labor, and six weeks of vacation or voluntary labor. (In most cases, as one might guess, it is not likely to be vacation, but "voluntary labor.") Recently, because of the failures of farm crops in the countryside, both students and teachers are sent to the country *en masse* for physical labor for a year or longer. (College graduates do the same for one or two years after graduation.) Those who work in the factories or in the communes work fourteen to sixteen hours a day, every day of the year, with only alternate Sundays off; and these long hours do not even include the time required for group meetings in the evening.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What is responsible for this unusual show of dedication and personal sacrifice is clearly a sense of mission, a phenomenon not unusual in the long annals of Chinese history. Not only are the regime and the people swept along by a messianic fervor at home, but the Chinese Communist Party is seriously committed to a vigorous expansionist policy abroad. It is both determined and prepared, with new tools and a new ideology, to duplicate the military conquests of former Chinese empires, like the Han Empire of the first century B.C., the T'ang Empire of the eighth century or the Mongol Empire of the thirteenth. The Foreign Language Press in Peking is turning out books and propaganda material in nine different languages besides English. In the Communist bookstores in Hong Kong, the attractively printed *Life*-size monthly, known in the English version as *China Reconstructs,* is available in several foreign languages, and sells for only eighteen cents in U.S. currency. While the Chinese Communists are saturating the Asian markets with publications at give-away prices, copies of the International Edition of *Time* or *Newsweek,* both weekly magazines (which, of course, are available only in English), sell for twice the price of the *Life*-sized Communist monthly.

Another means of effective Communist propaganda is the frequent exchange of the so-called cultural delegations, which are sent everywhere, but are especially busy in Africa and South America. Russian-built jets, the TU-114's, are used like shuttle-buses to bring dignitaries from all parts of the world to be treated to the wonders of a new Cathay. In Hong Kong, where no commercial or non-commercial airplanes from Communist China ever land in the Colony's Kowloon airport, the Chinese People's Aviation Corporation from Peking maintains a very impressive suite of offices in the most fashionable part of the commercial district. The window displays of this airline office cover eight huge windows and daily draw crowds of curious spectators. The displays usually feature pictures of some cultural events taking place in China or of some huge engineering and industrial projects, and there are always pictures of either Mao or Chou receiving or entertaining foreign delegations.

WHILE THE Chinese Communist regime is hard-working, ambitious and firmly in the saddle, the government is nonetheless working against tremendous odds both at home and abroad. At home, people are on the verge of utter physical exhaustion. The government itself has admitted to the gross exaggeration of food and industrial production figures of last year, and these figures were scaled downward by as much as thirty-three per cent. More recently, it admitted to the giant crop failure, said to be the worst in the century. Perhaps the rationing now in force in China can give the most accurate indication of the serious shortage of food and other materials. For clothing, each person is allowed three and a half yards of cloth a year, and since the end of last summer coupons have been required even for the purchase of socks and knitted cotton underwear, which had to come out of the annual dispensation of three and a half yards. For food, the amount of rice ration varies from city to city; the average amount is ten ounces per person a day. Sugar, four ounces a month; cooking oil, twelve ounces per month. Meat, where it was available in a few cities like Shanghai, was limited last summer to four ounces per person every ten days; today meat has practically disappeared in most parts of China, including such cities as Shanghai.

People in China are everywhere being told that, for the sake of the country, they must deny themselves all kinds of foods that are suitable for export so that the government will have the needed foreign exchange. Consequently, the foods that are not obtainable in China are plentiful in Hong Kong, and the Chinese who have relatives on the mainland can buy foods and send them back in limited quantities. The limit today is for a person in China to receive up to a two-pound package a month, and those who receive packages from overseas are required to pay a tax assessment when they claim those packages. The cost of such commodities shipped into Hong Kong and then back to China, including the tax, usually comes to three times their normal price if they were obtainable in China. But in this way the government is able to derive an income from them twice—first as an export commodity and then in the form of a tax levy. According to a recent survey published in an English daily in Hong Kong, about $90,000 U.S. in food parcels is being sent to China from Hong Kong daily.

On the international scene, the difficulties of the Chinese Communists come from two sources: the U.S. Seventh Fleet in the East and, from the north, the Soviet Union's policy of peaceful co-existence, no less effective a deterrent even if it is only for the time being. The Seventh Fleet represents an obstacle because of its declared purpose of protecting Taiwan against armed invasion from the mainland. To the Communists, Taiwan is more than a piece of territory that belongs to the Chinese; it is a symbol of resistance against their regime and, moreover, is a staging ground for the eventual mastery of the Pacific. In the thinking of the Chinese Communists, therefore, the "liberation" of Taiwan has to precede any attempts at improving China's relations with the United States. This is precisely what Premier Chou En-lai told Felix Green, a correspondent for the B.B.C., on September 5th in Peking. The contents of that interview were announced in a London broadcast on November 3, 1960, and what Chou told Edgar Snow, as revealed in the January 31, 1961 issue of *Look,* is exactly the same.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The hostile attitude of the Chinese Communist government towards the United States must be understood against the background of the power struggle in the Far East since the nineteenth century. At the outset, the struggle was between Russia and England, with the Russian influence coming from the north and that of England from the south. But Japan's rise as a new nation soon assured her the dominant position in the Far East, a position that was not threatened until the First World War, and then by the United States. From the Second World War emerged the might and power of the United States in the Pacific, which now supplants Japan and exerts its influence over southern Korea, the Ryukyu Islands and down to the Philippines. Thus the United States is the only Western power left to challenge the Chinese. And since the Chinese Communists are ideologically linked to the Soviet Union, is it any wonder that Red China considers the United States her Number One Enemy? This hostility is likely to continue to exist so long as the U.S. is not prepared to give up its influence over the Formosa Straits, and Japan, and over the rest of Southeast Asia, including eventually the Philippines.

THE DIFFERENCE between the Soviets and the Chinese on the question of the inevitability of war is closely linked to this Formosan impasse. While the Kremlin would like to go slow in order to consolidate the material gains of the Soviet Union and in Europe, the Chinese are more radical and figure they have less to lose even in the case of an atomic war. Evidences of friction between China and the U.S.S.R. are not hard to find. Last summer there was the mass exodus of thousands of Soviet technicians from China, allegedly because their contracts had expired. The thinly disguised compromise that was only recently reached in Moscow by Communist leaders of eighty-one nations serves only to accentuate this disagreement. One may recall that Mao himself did not attend this rather important conference; in his place he sent the president of the Chinese People's Republic, Liu Shao-chi.

But Mao was far from idle. On November 7, 1960, ostensibly as a congratulatory act to commemorate the Soviet Revolution, Mao issued the fourth volume of his collected works. On the same occasion, as a review of this publication, there appeared an editorial under the title of "The Basis of Victory of the Chinese People's Revolution" in the *Red Flag Monthly,* the Party's chief mouthpiece. The editorial asserts that the more countries there are that overthrow colonial rule or check the advances of Western democracies, the more secure becomes world peace. In the same editorial, a great deal of elaboration is given to Mao's distinction between "strategy" and "tactics." On paper, and in the realm of strategy, peaceful co-existence is possible; but, on the other hand, all socialistic countries must encourage revolutions within any nation, whether it be Algeria, the Congo or Cuba. So, as the Moscow conference was about to convene, Mao chose the moment to spell out his strategy, which may be described as a double-barrelled approach; to subscribe to the principle of peaceful co-existence but at the same time to agitate for Communist revolutions wherever possible.

The argument between Red China and the U.S.S.R. must not be construed by the Western powers as a serious breach of friendship. The two nations are mutually dependent upon each other: China needs material and technical assistance from the Soviet Union, if not nuclear secrets; the Soviets, to maintain their position of leadership among socialist countries, a position which the Chinese still subscribe to, cannot afford even the semblance of a breach.

So far as one can tell from the current situation, the compromise reached in Moscow last December may mean a temporary cessation of overt hostilities over the Formosa Straits, accompanied by the concentration of the entire effort of the Communist world against Laos, South Vietnam and the rest of Southeast Asia. For the Chinese Communists confidently believe that only the Chinese volunteers and the troops of Northern Vietnam will be needed to overpower the forces of South Vietnam and Thailand. And once the kingdom of Laos is within the Communist camp, the entire peninsula of Indochina will be open to further conquests. Here lies the greatest danger in the Far East.

Whether this plan will be carried out according to the Communist blueprints, or whether it will meet with outside intervention of such a nature that tactical withdrawal will become necessary, time alone can tell. But the basic objective of the Chinese Communists will remain the same.

On balance, it would appear that the odds against Mao may be greater than he realizes. But Mao is generally considered a good theoretician and a good strategist. Furthermore, what we think and know is not as important as what Mao thinks. And what Mao does not know may cast the most ominous shadow upon the rest of the world. On June 21, 1960, there appeared in the *People's Daily,* the government newspaper, a highly emotional editorial which reliable sources in Hong Kong say was written by Mao himself. The title of this editorial may be translated to read, "Let Us Look at Today's Far East and See to Whom It Belongs."

It is clear that China has committed itself to the huge task of being the champion of all the revolutionary forces of the world, and is particularly dedicated to the overthrow of the "imperialist" United States. Is China's strength equal to that task? The favorite device of all cartoonists in China is to depict the United States as a "paper tiger," but perhaps Red China itself is a kind of paper tiger. One thing is sure: the test—of both the tigers—draws closer every day.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SCREEN

ASTRONUTS

ALTHOUGH made last year, "Man in the Moon" is as timely as the headlines about Alan Shepard, Jr. It was inevitable that the British, who have proved themselves master kidders in films like "The Man in the White Suit," "Tight Little Island," and "I'm All Right, Jack," should turn their attention to space travel. Producer Basil Dearden, who also wrote the screenplay with Bryan Forbes, treats the serious subject of space travelers not only lightly but frivolously.

In the deliciously wacky opening scene, comedian Kenneth More, portraying the perfect English specimen who is impervious to all illness, is sleeping on a brass bed in the midst of a large meadow that is complete with cows and cowslips. The scientists, doing research on the cause and cure of the common cold, hope he will catch one. As More wakes up on this lovely morning, he sees a girl (Shirley Anne Field dressed in a sleazy, low-cut evening gown and a feather boa) walk by his bed and continue on her way. He doesn't learn till later that she is a strip-teaser walking home because her boss got too fresh; but neither the guinea pig in the bed nor the high-heeled stripper are particularly surprised at seeing each other in these bucolic surroundings. And later when the scientists come to check his blood pressure and pulse, they are annoyed to find he doesn't even have a sniffle. Naturally, since he is so healthy, he's fired from the job.

Not all of "Man in the Moon" is as funny as its beginning, but it does have some very amusing satire and some hilarious sight gags. One would almost think that playful director Basil Dearden had seen the T.V. shots of the real thing with Shepard and his fellow American astronauts. Perfect-specimen More, not knowing what he's getting into, is hired as an expendable human pathfinder for the first trip to the moon because the Atomic Research scientists don't want to endanger their highly trained team of astronauts and public opinion won't let them send up another animal.

Naturally the well-built astronauts, who have trained for five years, aren't happy when this brash newcomer excels at the high and low temperature tests and gravity tolerance, especially when quite a prize is offered to the first man-to-the-moon. Shirley Anne Field, anxious to snag the marriage-shy More, drifts in and out of the plot; and the film makers, not knowing how to end their lampoon after the jokes pile sky high, use her and More for the final gag—back in the meadow with the cows and cowslips.

AS AN AMERICAN G.I. in England, Danny Kaye also finds himself expendable in "On the Double"—or one of the Danny Kayes, that is, for in this World War II picture he plays two roles: the Pfc. who's a whiz at doing impersonations, and a British general who's a bigshot in the invasion plans. Pfc. Kaye is persuaded to impersonate the general, so Gen. Kaye can devote his time and be safe for the landing arrangements. But little does Pfc. Kaye realize that his code name in this Project 402 is Dead Pigeon; and the mishaps that occur when he starts mimicking the general, complete with eye-patch, keep Danny running on the double.

The script, written by Jack Rose, who produced the film, and Melville Shavelson, who directed, is only mildly funny. Perhaps its resemblance to "I Was Monty's Double" or the very serious "Circle of Deception," in which a British agent is sent to be captured and tortured in Germany to give false information, is more than a little discomforting. But Danny Kaye is such a superb comedian that he's fun to watch even when his material is not the best. Although he's surrounded by a good cast (Margaret Rutherford, Wilfrid Hyde White, Dana Wynter, Rex Evans, Diana Dors and others who are helpful) Kaye, himself, carries the whole show. During all the spying and counterspying in the story that runs from London to Berlin, Kaye works frenetically—and amiably. But it is his many impersonations that give the film what sparkle it has; and of these, his take-offs on Hitler and Marlene Dietrich are alone worth the price of admission.

IT IS UNFORTUNATE that circus pictures, especially a well-photographed one like "The Big Show," usually have plots that are not suitable for the young fry who are their most obvious audience. "The Big Show," produced by Ted Sherdeman and James B. Clark, and handsomely photographed in color in and around Munich with the Krone Circus as background, runs true to form. It has caught the circus atmosphere extremely well; and its shots of the thrilling animal acts and high-wire performances are excellent. So cleverly are the real circus performers substituted for the actors in the dangerous moments that the actors, themselves, seem to be doing the stunts. But the film has a trite and melodramatic plot, full of vengeance, sudden death, meanness and deceit, that is as tawdry as some of the circus costumes.

It mainly concerns a German circus family headed by a father (Nehemiah Persoff) who rules his four sons and attractive daughter like a domineering tyrant. The story has three romances: the daughter (Carol Christensen) who falls in love with an American G.I. (David Nelson); the favorite son, a trapeze flier (Cliff

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Robertson) who is attracted to a visiting American heiress (Esther Williams); and the most un-favorite son (Robert Vaughn) who marries without love the trainer of a polar bear act (Renata Mannhardt).

To save his father from prison after an accident due to his father's carelessness, Cliff commits perjury on the witness stand and is himself sent to prison. This is supposed to be a pretty noble thing. When he gets out he seeks vengeance on his brothers who have given papa the bum's rush. Perhaps there is something unsavory about circus life that demands this kind of melodramatics; but it's too bad to cheat the kid audiences out of the trapeze and animal acts. The show part of "The Big Show" is swell.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

THE STAGE

THE PROPER STUDY

THE PHENOMENON of Mr. Morris West's novel of *The Devil's Advocate*—this ambitious theological substance coupled with so wide and various a popular esteem—on reflection has seemed to me to involve as much of puzzlement as of reassurance. For taken as an instance of the fictionist's art, a matter of experience rendered through sensibility and style, the work can hardly be thought to stand on any plane of high impressiveness: perfunctory in language, schematic in characterization, not a little hortatory and didactic in its analysis of spirit. Yet the stir it has invoked in persons of discriminate feeling is not to be dismissed.

Myself, I incline to trace this effect to causes equally formal and spiritual: the first involving Mr. West's command of the novelist's indispensable, however naive, power of narration—that gift of *getting on with it*—which is joined, in *The Devil's Advocate,* to certain irresistible elements of the detective method. The spiritual reverberation introduces the grander and more elusive sense we have of Mr. Morris West as a man of goodness: not virtuous only, nor honorable, but *good.* He seems one—it was evident, too, in his book about the slum children of Naples—for whom the doctrine of the Mystical Body has become a convincing and passionate reality, has assumed a living body of action and illumination. Not least is it this, I feel, which has drawn attention to him, and not least, too, his utter indifference to his own singularity. Which matters, to be sure, not at all: the presence is simply there, beautifully.

That Mr. Dore Schary, with his taste for the nobler aspects of character—as well as his not insincere eye for a distinguished commodity—should respond to these qualities does him honor as a man. That he should yet have been unable to translate *The Devil's Advocate* into a dramatic experience of any significant worth is due in the main to forces outside his command. It would be easy to exhibit a discreet piety or a lordly contempt at this event, and I hope to evade both: not incidentally, because I have so often abused the *bête noire* of adaptation, that for me to do so again, and now, would seem little more than an idle vanity of malice. So too with this matter of "reality," which the evening at the Billy Rose fatally wants, offering only the mellifluous sonorities of Mr. Leo Genn's voice, and the (painful) actualities of unmodified spiritual stress, sentimental rhetoric, and the exhausting energies of actors not very happily trying to reproduce the texture of an alien culture. One need not exacerbate such embarrassments; only to the vulgar must drama criticism be a gratuitous sadism.

Yet to clarify my point—that much of Mr. Schary's attempt, irrevocably and from its inception, was committed to failure—I should like for a moment to counterpoint the substance of "The Devil's Advocate" —insatiable eroticism, suicide, homosexuality, spiritual acedia, redemptive martyrdom, the way of purification —juxtapose this with the *sacher torte* of that other contemporary essay in applied religion, which for so many a new day has been joyfully climbing every mountain, fording every stream, "The Sound of Music."

I remember with relish the scandal occasioned by my confession at certain public gatherings that I had enjoyed Miss Mary Martin's evening of dimity and dirndl, cow bell and guitar. Highballs rattled dangerously; eyes froze in consternation; at certain privy summits of rather grander and grayer eminences, I was aware of having been drummed out of the Dialogue: what, after all, can *that* creep contribute?

Yet the joke of the thing, immensely, was the ingenuousness of my critics who had entertained, for even a schizoid moment, the possibility that any rapprochement could have been found for the ancient Catholic habit of mind, the sense of continuity and aristocratic spiritual aspiration behind the Von Trapp tradition, with the brimming showmanship, the democratic egalitarianism and Protestant ethic of Miss Martin and the Messrs. Rodgers and Hammerstein. What these gentlemen did, in their wisdom of this world, was to cut the whole to the cloth and measure of their own domestic gentilities: altering the metaphor, to make of it a capital confection, untroubling to our sense of reality because it *claims* no reality beyond that of animation, good will, defensible sentiment, and the agreed-upon deliciousness of sugar.

The blunder and fatal ambition of "The Devil's Advocate" is to trespass upon these areas of disastrous reality, unequipped but for a brave consciousness that it is venturing into extremity. And though I can no more

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

than hint at the motif here, I wonder if there is not something alien to art in this energy, something hostile to the human capacity. It would seem that the aesthetic mind of Anglo-Saxon man has committed itself irrevocably to Pope's celebrated dictum, and exhibits —whether at its most serene as in Chaucer, or its most demotic as in "King Lear"—infallibly a secular cast. Nor need this be an occasion for lament. Nature is the ground of grace as art is a human creation. Violence has been done to both by those who would make each autonomous. For if beauty will not—indeed cannot—always take care of herself, we may yet rest, not complacently, in the certain assurance that grace invincibly does.

RICHARD HAYES.

A SHORT STORY

Courier East

by BRUCE A. COOK

COREY HEAVED a disgruntled sigh when he saw the snub-nosed .38. Jasperson, the duty courier, was offering it to him butt-first.

"I don't suppose you ever been checked out on one of these?"

Corey shook his head gravely. "It isn't . . .?"

"No," Jasperson said. "It ain't loaded. Here, I'll show you how it works. Nothing to it—you know what I mean? Here's the safety, see? Just slip it off like this and *pow! pow! pow!*" He pulled the trigger exuberantly, clicking three time on empty chambers. "Three dead Russians—just like that. Want to try it?"

Corey accepted the piece rather gingerly, and gave the trigger a calculated tug. Nothing happened.

Jasperson grinned. "I put the safety back on. It's right there, remember?"

"Oh—oh yes." He pushed the little button to one side, pointed the gun at the floor and pulled the trigger. *Snap!* The brittle bite of metal on metal echoed through the empty office. Corey pulled the trigger again, and again he was answered by the same reassuring click.

"Nothing to it, is there?"

"No, really not."

"Well here, put on the holster. Wear it right on your hip like John Wayne, see. Yeah, just like that."

It didn't fit him at all. Corey's tight uniform jacket bunched over the holster, knotting around his middle. He pulled at it uncomfortably. "Is that all right?"

"Great, just great! You look like a real badass now." Jasperson glanced at his watch. "Get all your stuff together and we'll go on down to S-2 and pick up the pouches. Here, let me have that thing and I'll load it for you now. The duty officer is real gone on security." He took the pistol from Corey, broke open the cylinder and dropped six bullets into place, then pushed it lightly into the holster on Corey's hip. "Okay, let's go."

On the way out, Jasperson grabbed a bulky service .45 from the top drawer of the safe. He buckled it on as they walked together down the dark hall. Somewhere behind them a door in the Intelligence Section opened, releasing the washing roar of an I.B.M. machine and a thin line of unpleasant laughter.

Then with a nudge and a muttered, "In here," Jasperton stopped Corey before a heavy wooden door. A slit of light shone from underneath. Jasperson rapped briskly, and a loud "Come in" boomed from behind the door. Even before they were quite inside, the voice bawled out, "Shut that goddam door, soldier." And Corey pulled it tight behind him, came briskly to attention and saluted as smartly as he knew how. The warrant officer who returned the salute was seated behind a desk in the small office cubicle. The desk was bare except for an open logbook and an unholstered .45. Two large dispatch pouches leaned importantly against the desk. "You're late, Jasperson," the man said irritably.

"Yessir. Those guys up on the fifth floor slowed us up again. The usual stuff, Mr. Henderson, sir."

"Yeah, we better shape them up, don't you think?"

"Yessir."

C.W.O. Henderson drummed impatiently for a moment on the desktop. He rose abruptly and tucked the .45 in his belt. "Well, let's get this show on the road, shall we?" And then to Corey: "What's your name, soldier?"

"Specialist 3rd Class Emmett J. Corey, sir."

"Where do you work, Corey? I've seen you before, haven't I?"

"Probably, sir. I'm in Section Seven."

"Oh yeah, Lieutenant Gettelman's operation." The officer paused to fish a cigarette from his pocket. As

---

Mr. Cook, who lives in Chicago, has previously contributed articles and reviews to The Commonweal.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he lit it, he looked Corey slowly up and down. "You mind if I ask you why you put in for this courier run, soldier?"

"I don't know, sir," Corey stammered, "I guess—"

"You don't *know?"*

"Well . . ." Corey hesitated. "To tell you the truth, sir . . . I know this will sound pretty silly and all . . . but I just wanted to see some Russians, sir."

"You wanted to see some Russians." The officer shook his head disdainfully and turned to Jasperson. "Another goddam tourist. Where do you pick these guys up, anyway?"

"Don't know sir," Jasperson smirked.

"Well listen, Corey. Since you don't seem to know it already, I'm going to put it real plain so you'll understand. This Berlin courier run is goddam *serious* business."

"Yessir," Corey muttered.

"What did you say? Speak up, soldier."

"I said yes sir, sir."

Henderson stooped to pick up one of the dispatch pouches from the floor. "You see this, soldier." He dangled the bag just beneath Corey's chin. "Do you see *this?* Well, this is the real thing in here. No bullshitting and no play-acting to it. This case contains *classified material* and you're going to guard it with your *life*. You got that?"

"Yes sir."

"All right now, what are you—right- or left-handed?"

"Right-handed, sir."

"Okay, give me your left hand." Corey put out his hand and the officer pulled out a pair of handcuffs from his hip pocket and snapped them quickly around Corey's wrist, then through the handle of the pouch. Henderson nodded, satisfied. "There now—how's that? You got your gun hand free, and there's no chance of you forgetting that pouch in the latrine. You remember when that happened, Jasperson?"

"I sure do, sir. Jeez, what a mess that was."

"One more thing, Corey. Have you been checked out on that sidearm?"

"Well, he showed me how to fire it."

"Let's see it." Henderson lifted it out of the holster, broke it open and twirled the cylinder. He nodded in surprised approval. *"Loaded,* I see. Well, that's the way it ought to be, soldier. I always say there's no sense hauling around an unloaded weapon. He handed it back to Corey, then stepped back to look for nearly a minute. "I might as well tell you, soldier, there's something pretty special in that pouch you've got there. It's for the *personal* attention of Lieutenant Colonel Dandridge in S-2 Berlin. Have you got that or should I write it down for you?"

"No sir, I've got it—Lieutenant Colonel Dandridge."

"Right," said Henderson. "If some punk lieutenant tries to get it away from you, you just tell him to go straight to hell. The contents of that pouch are for Dandridge and *nobody* else."

COREY AND Jasperson sat silent in the rumbling back seat of the staff car. Up front the driver breathed quiet snatches of a lonesome stickbuddy song into the cool air of the autumn night. Ten minutes to train time. From sombre Friedrich-Ebert-Anlage, they swung suddenly into the bursting neon brilliance of the Frankfurt Hauptbahnhof, past Kaiserstrasse and the Royal, where the girls are. Then momentarily lost again in the darkness of the cobblestoned sidestreets, they emerged with a screeching flourish behind a taxi at the side entrance of the station.

Jasperson said, "Come on."

Then he led the way out of the car, pausing to wave the driver off, then plunging headlong into the crowd milling at the entrance. Corey pushed and shoved behind him, keeping within arm's length through the nondescript mass of tweed and loden. While above and all around toned the disembodied, sexless monotone . . . *"Achtung, achtung bitte. D-zug nach München auf Bahnsteig Acht. . . ."*

A white-hatted M.P. loomed at the train gate. With a stony glance at their orders and the handcuff on Corey's wrist, he abruptly motioned them through. Jasperson led off running past the hissing locomotive, on down the long line of cars to one like the rest. They jumped on board, and made their way down the narrow aisle to an empty compartment.

Inside. Corey, out of breath: "Well . . . we made it . . ."

"Yeah, we made it." Jasperson slipped back to the door and locked it, pulling the curtains tight. "You have to go to the latrine?" he asked over his shoulder.

"No," Corey said uncertainly. "No, I don't think so."

"Well, you can't leave the compartment except to go to the latrine. And then I go with you." Jasperson sat down and leaned back with a crooked smile. "It was in your orders. Did you read your orders?"

Corey sank down slowly into the straight-backed, plush bench. "Yes, I read them. I'll let you know when."

"You do that."

Corey lit a cigarette as best he could, then threw the dispatch pouch and the arm attached up on the seat beside him. He looked across an empty track to the next platform where the tweeds were shaking in a frenzied goodbye to the lodens on the Munich train. Then quite mysteriously, tweeds and lodens began to slide back together, skating magically past on the platform as the wheels beneath Corey's feet began to creak and rumble into the night. No all aboards and no goodbyes as the train moved out of the station. Outside, the darkness erupted into fires of green and blue as they swung slowly by the chemical works and crossed

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the oily Main. They rounded a long, looping curve, and the wheels below began clattering for the east.

"Well, you can relax," Jasperson said to Corey. "We got a long trip. You might as well get some sleep."

Corey didn't answer, but sat with his face pressed up against the window squinting into the night. He gave a short hitch to his belt, allowing his fingers to touch the butt of the pistol.

When the train slowed at last and jerked to a stop, Corey stirred slightly, then fell back snoring, his hand still wrapped around the pistol. The knock at the compartment door brought him to his feet with a start. The .38 was out of the holster as Jasperson threw open the door. Corey stepped forward and tripped over the pouch cuffed to his wrist. He fell sprawling against the seat as the Russian soldiers came into the compartment. The pistol spun out of his hand and clattered to the floor at their feet.

There were two of them: an officer and an enlisted man. Then an M.P. officer stepped in behind them. All three stood frowning down as Corey carefully righted himself. He followed their eyes down to the pistol on the floor. The snub barrel of the thing pointed at him like the wart on an accusing finger. The M.P. officer pressed between the Russians, bent down, and picked up the pistol. He pushed the butt at Corey.

"Here," he rasped. "Put it away."

Youth Dreams Of The Future: Carmel Dreads It!

Sixteen, pretty and leprous, for her the pitiable condition of the older patients is a fearful dream of her own future.

But Carmel need not be mutilated by leprosy. A new wonder drug arrests the disease completely.

Please help missionaries bring hope and Christ's mercy to the leprous with this drug.

A DOLLAR'S WORTH WILL ARREST A CASE LIKE CARMEL'S.

ALL GIFTS IMMEDIATELY ACKNOWLEDGED

Send any offering you can, to

The Catholic Medical Mission Board

Dept. C 8 West 17th Street New York 11, N.Y.

The Russian officer turned woodenly to Jasperson and took his orders from him without a word. The enlisted man stood behind in rigid parade rest as the officer studied the translation sheet stapled to the orders. With something like a shrug, he returned them to Jasperson and turned to Corey.

"Show him your orders," the M.P. captain said.

"Oh yes, of course. I should've had them ready, shouldn't I?"

The Russian officer glanced at the pouch and the handcuffs as he took Corey's orders and started through them. With an abrupt nod he handed back the papers. In another moment all three were gone from the compartment. And that was all.

Jasperson locked the door and turned back to Corey. "See? Nothing to it."

"Yes, I guess you're right."

"They never bother *me,*" Jasperson said. "They know that old Duane Jasperson would give it to them right on the spot." He suddenly jerked the big .45 out of his holster, jumped up on the seat and waved it menacingly at the door. *"Pow! Pow!* I'll shoot your black asses, you Russians!"

Three awful thumps from the other side of the compartment wall shut Jasperson up and brought him down from the seat. "You get what I mean?" he whispered.

WITH SOME effort, Corey hauled up his cuffed wrist and looked at his watch. He had been sitting there in Lieutenant Colonel Dandridge's outer office for nearly an hour. The sergeant behind the desk had spent the time shuffling papers about, arranging and rearranging them in no apparent order.

"Say," Corey said to the sergeant.

No response.

"Say," he began louder, clearing his throat. "You're *sure* that the Colonel's coming in this morning, aren't you?"

"Sure I'm sure. He'll be here pretty soon."

"How much longer do you think it will be?"

"Any minute now."

"But you said that when I came in. Look, I've got some pretty important stuff here. Maybe you ought to call him up and tell him about it." Corey brought up the handcuffed pouch for the sergeant to see.

The sergeant looked up for the first time since Corey had spoken. "All right, soldier," he said flatly. "I said the Colonel's coming in and he's coming in. Now you just sit there and wait until he does."

Five minutes later, the Colonel did come in, breezing athletically into the room, slamming the door behind him. Without a word, he went straight to the sergeant's desk, picked up the tallest pile and started through it. "Good morning, Talbert," he muttered halfway down.

"Morning sir," said the sergeant. He had stepped

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

back from his desk and was playing nervously with a ballpoint pen, capping and uncapping it, as he waited.

Corey cleared his throat.

The Colonel finished and tossed the papers back on the desk. It was not until then that he looked at Corey sitting near the door. He glanced with brief disinterest, then turned away. "When's the last time you shaved, soldier?" he said with his back turned.

Corey hesitated. "Last night, sir. Just before I left Frankfurt."

The Colonel whirled on him. "Don't you know enough to stand at attention when an officer addresses you?"

Corey bolted to his feet, and set the dispatch pouch dangling loose from his wrist.

"Listen, soldier—" Dandridge began hotly, then faltered: "Oh . . . oh you're the courier, aren't you?"

"Yes sir, Chief Warrant Officer Henderson said the contents of this pouch—"

Dandridge interrupted: "Well come in here and I'll get that thing off you."

Corey followed the Lieutenant Colonel into his office. The man want to his desk and began rummaging in the top drawer.

"Nothing is ever where it ought to be around this damned place," he said as he pushed and poked. "Oh yes, this is it." He held up a tiny key. "Come over here and I'll see what I can do for you."

Corey put out his arm to the Colonel.

"Ordinarily, we don't use these things," Dandridge said with a curious smile. "But because of the particular nature of what's—" The cuff flew open and the pouch dropped to the floor. "There!"

Corey picked it up quickly and handed it over.

The Colonel nodded sobely. "Stay right here, soldier. There may be something going back."

He pulled out a brown paper bundle from the case and ripped it open. Inside, there were four clean white shirts, freshly done in laundry wrappings, with a laundry ticket on top. The Colonel's taut face relaxed in a smile. "Yes, they're all here," he said. "Did a nice job on the collars just like Henderson said they would too." He glanced up at Corey. "You can tell Henderson —Chief Warrant Officer Henderson—that I certainly do appreciate the trouble he went to on this."

Corey nodded slowly, staring up at Dandridge. "Yes sir."

"Anything wrong, specialist?"

"No sir."

". . . Or better yet, I'll just dictate a memo for you to deliver to him. Wait a minute." Corey followed him to the outer office where the Colonel stood over the sergeant at the typewriter and expressed his warm thanks for the kindness and consideration shown by C.W.O. Henderson in returning certain personal effects of the Colonel's which had been left by him in Frankfurt the previous week. The sergeant clattered it all out on the machine. "There, that should make a nice item for Henderson's file," the Colonel said. He signed the note and tucked it into an envelope. "Now, specialist, I want you to give this to Chief Warrant Officer Henderson *personally* and to no one else. Got that?"

"Yes sir."

"Okay, dismissed. Have a good time while you're in town."

Corey stood quite still before the colonel.

"That's all . . . Dismissed . . . I *said* you could *go.*"

Corey gave his best payday salute, did an about-face and walked out of the office with the envelope in his hand. The security guard near the door turned to look as Corey went by, eyes ahead, pistol on his belt, his whole body rigid in exaggerated strict march step.

Halfway down the hall, Corey stopped at the window and looked out on Berlin. Below his fourth floor vantage, neat rows of new apartment buildings lined up to a horizon of hotels, department stores and church spires lighted by the bright morning sun. Streets criss-crossed beneath him and the hum of traffic could just be heard through the open window.

Corey stood there for almost a minute. Then he carefully put the envelope the Colonel had given him down on the window sill and opened it. He took out the paper inside and let the envelope flutter off the sill to the ground. Then he took the sheet and folded it precisely into a paper airplane.

Corey leaned far out the window and launched the Colonel's memo in the air. It soared easily on its swept, delta wings, floating farther and farther on. And just as it began to lose altitude, a breeze bore it up until it was just a speck silhouetted against the sunny sky. It continued to climb toward the city horizon. There was no telling where it would land.

NORTH OF AMSTERDAM

(For Hans Wijman)

The wind blows hard across the polder;
Peddling in silhouette, the cyclists lean
Into the wind, racing the sea along
The line of dikes, sweeping past the straggler
Who stands and pumps his rented bicycle
And, like a storm-lost mariner, searches
The chartless sky, praying for an end
To wind.

There is no end. But presently
One youth grips the handle of his brake
And speaks, and smiles. The tongue is wrong, but not
The voice, and suddenly the wind is down,
The polder quiet, save for the straggling cyclists—
Laughing as they translate in the gale.

Larry Rubin.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Despairing Pilgrim and the Voice of the East

THE LOTUS AND THE ROBOT. By *Arthur Koestler.* Macmillan. $3.95.

By ANNE FREMANTLE

THE PROPER traveller is always a pilgrim whether, unsettled by spring, he seeks a "blissful holy martyr" like Chaucer's gay company, or whether, unsettled by war, he seeks Ithaca again, like Ulysses and his companions. Mr. Koestler seems to have been born a pilgrim. As a Hungarian youth, he studied science in Vienna; later he travelled as a foreign correspondent, then as science editor for the Ullstein newspapers in Germany. Later, as a Communist, then as an ex-Communist and a refugee, and now as a novelist, as they say "of international repute," writing in three languages, English, German and Hungarian, he has continued his travels.

His journeys have always been purposeful, seeking answers, solutions, elixirs, panaceas. His latest travels were to India and to Japan, where he spent two years, 1958-60. Europe, he notes in his preface, since A.D. 408 when it was saved by three thousand pounds of pepper imported from India as part of the ransom the Senate paid Alaric the Goth, has always turned to "the land of culinary and spiritual spices" when in an impasse. But the West's receptiveness to the voice of the East has, however, been limited to periods of futility and despair: Koestler admits that he, too, came to India and Japan as a despairing pilgrim.

He chose those two countries because they were at opposite ends of the spectrum, the one the most tradition bound, the other the most modern, of the great countries of Asia. He first discusses four contemporary Indian saints; next, the whole Yogi position and assumptions, lastly, the influence of ancient spiritual tradition on the new Republic of India. In Japan, he concentrates on *zen,* and on the ambivalence of the contemporary Japanese, dislocated, subjected to "pressure-cooker reforms," disastrously beaten in war, their Prime Minister hanged, Buddhism disestablished, Shintoism first established and then disestablished, earthquakes in 1892 and 1894, in 1923 with 150,000 victims. In 1945 man-made suns descended on Hiroshima and Nagasaki, claiming a like number of dead. All of these misfortunes resulted in the survival of *chu,* the first commandment of Japanese ethics, obedience to the head of the Japanese hierarchy, Emperor or Shogun, divine or human. Koestler admits he is looking both in India and in Japan for supernatural or, at any event, extra-materialistic help for ailing Europe. And he does not find it. What *does* he find?

He finds genuine saints: Vinoba Bhave, Gandhi's disciple, who lived for thirty-two years in retirement and then in eight years collected nearly eight million acres as gifts from the rich for the poor. The rich have fathered Communism, Bhave has declared, and must fight Communism by the only possible way: by giving. Bhave, whom Koestler sought and found in his native habitat, in a rural village, had in him "no trace of magic, of hypnotic power." Yet he had persuaded seven hundred thousand different donors to give him land for the landless. How? Koestler says people "imbibe" Bhave, by a process of "spiritual osmosis" and that he has a "curious gift of radiating peace which is physically felt like a laying on of hands."

Vinoba seems obviously a genuine holy man by any yardstick. Koestler's next three "saints" have less universal appeal. Krishna Menon started proceedings by gargling and spitting into a cup held by a little girl: Koestler missed the first part, when devotees "were allowed to listen to the bathroom noises of the Swami's morning toilet." Sankaracharya of Kanchi was insistent that everyone must discharge in full the required Hindu rites. He also said that all the doctrines of the Hindu religion must be taken literally and not symbolically. As he spoke, he smiled so sweetly on Koestler that the latter wrote "I had never seen a comparable smile or expression." The last "saint" Anandamayee, aged sixty, dressed in a white silk sari which exposed her lovely feet, played with her mobile and expressive toes, and offered Koestler two dirty tangerines and no enlightenment. When she did speak, wriggling and giggling, and laughing aloud "as if marking the points of a funny story," she proposed meditation for at least fifteen minutes a day, and always at the same hour.

From the practitioners, Mr. Koestler turned his attention to the theory; he studied the *Hatha Yoga Pradipika,* with its eighty-four postures, and the *Gheranda Samhita,* the various Magic enemas. Koestler quotes Dr. Bernard, who wrote his last work on *Hatha Yoga* after many years of devoted practice. In his index Dr. Bernard duly and honestly recorded: *Miracles*: None transpired. *Supernatural*: not revealed. But if Koestler's conclusions are negative as regards the balm Indian spirituality can today offer to Europe's soul-sores, his own observations regarding the results of the coming of democracy to India are pertinent. His conclusion is that if India is to avoid dictatorship, whether benevolent, à la Sukarno, or brutal, à la Russe, it must evolve a home-grown Indiocracy.

The tourist's inevitable reaction to Japan is enchantment at the prettiness, the politeness, the "guilt-free eroticism which Europe has not known since antiquity." Here there is no hatred of woman as the temptress, as in India, no slavish devotion to a father-figure, whether God-given or guru. "In India I had almost forgotten that you could walk on a pavement without fear of stepping on a huddled figure, that cafés, bars and theatres existed . . ."

Japan was all color and noise,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a bubble-bath of colored neon, and Koestler says that the traveller's euphoric stage averages a week. Then one begins to notice: the hospital masks worn by so many to protect them from infection; the tranki, or tranquilizers generally indulged in; the one and a half million abortions a year (legal for a fee of under $3); the transistors everywhere blaring, so that nowhere is one safe from canned music or news; the lack of typewriters, owing to the impossible difficulty of the language; the artificiality of gardens. haiku and No plays and the ritual politeness, against which *zen* is a life-giving antidote.

Koestler ocasionally gives the impression that he has not done his homework: he quotes a UNESCO survey as concluding that among the students in a Buddhist seminary, a declared thirty-five per cent were "without faith in Buddha, forty-eight per cent without faith in the immortality of the soul." But Buddha himself requested his followers not to believe in him, and the "immortality of the soul" is neither a Buddhist nor a Hindu concept. Again, when talking to "Professor N., one of the greatest Japanese experts on Buddhism, Koestler tries hard to drive him to "value judgements" anent Hitler's gas-chambers. One wonders why?

Koestler's conclusion, at least, must have been glorously satisfactory to himself. "Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds: both India and Japan seem to be spiritually sicker, more estranged from a living faith than the West." The East historically has had tolerance without charity, the West charity without tolerance: both have massacred plenty of human beings, and the Ramayana is as gory as the Old Testament. But today, the ying-yang balance, so necessary for survival, is here, Koestler thinks, rather than there.

By their fruits we shall know them, an Asian told us, and maybe dirty tangerines are finally less fatal than fall-out.

Only the layout is smaller . . .

COMMUNITY

. . . in its new 8½ x 11″ format continues its vigilant coverage of events that affirm or offend the individual dignity of all men as creatures of God. Its features, essays, reviews and editorials aim to encourage or criticize the world today, as that harried sphere meets or ignores the central issue of man among men—all colors, and races, and manner of diversity. In all things COMMUNITY seeks the way that Christ would take.

Be a part of the new COMMUNITY.

Subscribe today. Send $2 for one year to:

COMMUNITY

Friendship House

4233 S. Indiana Ave., Chicago 53, Ill.

Friendship House serves you in the interracial apostolate ". . . making God's law of charity operative in the world."

High-Water Mark

THE BEHAVIOR OF TITANS. By Thomas Merton. New Directions. $3.50.
THE WISDOM OF THE DESERT. By Thomas Merton. New Directions. $3.

By THOMAS P. McDONNELL

HERE ARE two notable additions to the increasingly significant body of writings by Thomas Merton. For surely it must be generally recognized by now that this American Trappist monk, through the grace of the Holy Spirit and the prudence of Father Abbot, has given us one of the finest and most fruitful collections of religious writings yet to appear in this country. There is, alas, all too much reason for the present general wariness of the term "religious" applied to writing.

But all that painful piety of several generations ago, all that doleful lack of style, which to wade through was in itself an act of heroic virtue, has at last given way to the work of such writers as Gerald Vann, Ronald Knox, and Thomas Merton.

Keep up with your Faith . . . with these latest volumes of

The Twentieth Century Encyclopedia of Catholicism

Henri Daniel-Rops, Editor-in-Chief

JUST RELEASED

May Titles

DO DOGMAS CHANGE?

by Henri Rondet, S. J.

Are doctrines subject to change? Must they—of their essence—remain stable in a world of conflicting ideologies? Here is a history of doctrine—and an insight into the progress in Revelation. $3.50

FAITH, HOPE AND CHARITY

by Henry Bars

An inspiring and revealing work on the Church's three great theological virtues: what they are, how to achieve them, their interdependency —their relation to God's grace and the eternal life. $3.50

Send for free brochure with details of money-saving subcription plan.

HAWTHORN BOOKS

70 Fifth Avenue, New York 11, N. Y.

College of Notre Dame of Maryland

Baltimore 10, Maryland

Conducted by the School Sisters of Notre Dame

Fully Accredited

Program leading to A.B. degree Arts and Sciences

Teacher Training Pre-Medical

For catalog and further information address the Director of Admissions

NEVER TOO LATE TO BECOME A PRIEST!

HOLY APOSTLES SEMINARY Cromwell, Conn.

- **Exclusively for Belated Vocations to the Diocesan, Religious or Missionary Clergy**
- **Full Course Leading to B.A. Degree, including accelerated Latin.**

Write to Director of Admissions

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

That much is clear enough and admits no serious argument.

What is not so clear, however, is the reason for the all but perfunctory critical response to a book like *The Behavior of Titans*. To take this work as simply the latest chapter in the Merton canon is to show little understanding of some of the basic implications in the writings of Thomas Merton. The book is, in fact, on almost every count, the high-water mark of Father Louis's considerable achievement to date.

From the appearance of *The Seven Storey Mountain* to *The Behavior of Titans*—a space of twelve or thirteen years—a ground bass theme has coursed through the work of Thomas Merton, and that is the theme of his own relationship to the world. One might say, "But that is the theme of any writer of consequence." Yet the point is that with Thomas Merton it is not a matter of artistic tension only, whether purely creative or artificially contrived, but of the quintessential élan which gives his work its sure and recognizable sense of direction. Thomas Merton seemed at first almost wholly committed to an anti-worldly hostility, or at best, to a sense of other-worldly estrangement. But the passage through his total work reveals an exquisite and inevitable sea-change of the soul, which is to say, he not only became the monk God intended him to be, but that the effect of grace in a connatural manner also transformed his view of man's place in the world. In Buber's sense of "dialogue," Thomas Merton entered the authentic I-Thou relationship of the true Christian Personalist.

The Behavior of Titans is not an amorphous plea for some kind of Super-Toleration-Week. It is, on the contrary, a document so incisive as to make the Thoreau of "Civil Disobedience" sound like the village crank. "Atlas and the Fat Man" is actually on the order of poetry—insurgent, revolutionary, though filled with the reasoned and spiritual control of the poet—and one is conscious, in reading it, that this is a *voice* one is listening to and not a howl. "A Signed Confession of Crimes against the State" will engage anyone who cares about human freedom and the center of tranquility which dwells at the heart of freedom. It contains a great truth, but a truth that has already been lost to a large portion of the world. *The Behavior of Titans* is, of course, one of those works that would meet with immediate suppression behind the Iron Curtain. Any totalitarian state would recognize its danger at once, because such a state would know what it means. One wonders if as much can be said for its open publication behind the Chrome Curtain.

The Wisdom of the Desert is a contemporary redaction, by Thomas Merton, of the *Verba Seniorum* or "Sayings of the Fathers." To call it a sheer delight would not only risk a trite term but possibly miss the point of its very profound wisdom. But it is, all in all, a truly pleasing book to read and reread. One does not expect from this book, however, the pungency and sophistication of wit that has been given to the art of the aphorism in our Western culture. In La Rochefoucauld we say, "Ah, yes, how clever!" because we know something that he knows. But in the Desert Fathers we read in the quiet acknowledgement that we are in the presence of something more than we know, something that does not leave us in a kind of bewildering silence but rather at the edge of wisdom itself. It is, in fact, part of the purpose of this book to show how much in common the Desert Fathers of Egypt have with the Zen Masters of China and Japan. These two books should help every reader to re-discover the world he lives in.

Priapean Japes

A SEVERED HEAD. By Iris Murdoch. Viking. $3.95.

By MAX COSMAN

THE IMAGE of life in this novel is unpleasant but unexpectedly significant. Speaking in the first person as if he were real rather than fictional, Martin Lynch-Gibbon, the protagonist, gives us a recital of promiscuity in which he or his half-dozen fellow characters engage. Such uncommonness as there is in the round-robin presented is principally in the changes rung on couplings.

Martin, to start with him, is married to Antonia. But though he loves her—she is quite desirable even if she is his senior—he has a mistress in Georgie Hands who is attractive too, young, and presumably his soul-mate—if soul can be said to have anything to do with the matter.

Martin gets a shock. Returning home from an agreeable visit with Georgie, he discovers that Antonia wishes to be set free. It appears that loving Martin still, she loves Palmer Anderson her psychoanalyst still more. Oddity follows oddity. Martin releases Antonia, though not by way of divorce, and assumes the role of cuckold, partly because he sees her as something of a mother, and partly because he invests her paramour with the privileges of a loved-hated father.

At this stage one drops any notion that *A Severed Head* is but a bizarre Saturnalia, perhaps not so offensive as some of its congeners because its inditing of corruption, to take a term or two from Martin's wine business, is sherry-like dry and smooth.

The impression that more is meant than meets the immediate eye deepens as the plot unfolds its coils. Georgie, disappointed with Martin, takes up with his brother Alexander, a supplanter *par excellence* in love affairs. Palmer (evocative name), reviser of others, needs revising himself. It turns out that he is very much entangled with his formidable half-sister Honor Klein. She by the way, finding a potential violence in Martin that intrigues her, manages to inspire him with a passion that expels any desires he has for Georgie or Antonia.

Is this the last of Priapean alternations? Not so. By the time the story is ended, Alexander and Antonia have resumed a connection once theirs; Palmer, much chastened, has gone off to America with

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Georgie; and Honor, lost to Martin for some time, has returned to him in a mood fraught with threat as well as surrender.

Manifestly this mélange of attachments is not intended as a phallic game. Even if former works like *The Bell* or *Sandcastle* were not indices of Miss Murdoch's serious intent, the overtones and undertones in *A Severed Head* would be.

Antonia, for example, is spoken of as having a creed which is "a metaphysics of the drawing room." Palmer is called "that fashionable kind of modern magician." Martin, we are told, can become "a centaur" if he wishes. Honor is referred to as if she were touched with the *mana* of "the dark gods." Even a description of Liverpool Street Station deals with terms like "the Inferno" while the lounge of the London Airport is compared with "a waiting room for the Last Judgment."

People and things are therefore much more than they seem. The fact is that Miss Murdoch is an ambitious writer. She wants to get at whatever it is that underlies life. As a student of character she feels that the fiction we have been exposed to has left us with far too shallow an idea of human personality. As a thinker more generally, she believes that every action has a symbolic, metaphoric meaning.

Both feeling and belief come clear in something she wrote not so long ago. "It is not enough considered (and is indeed a paradox of philosophy)," reads one of her sentences, "how far the metaphors of which philosophy makes use are connected with darker and more primitive regions of the spirit, and with struggles, difficult to envisage, which are themselves the generating places of metaphor."

If this point of view, based as it is on Freudian insights into love and on contemporary French concepts of freedom and man's essential loneliness, appears familiar, there is good reason. We have met it before in the works of other philosopher novelists, say Simone de Beauvoir, Albert Camus, and especially Jean Paul Sartre. But consanguinities are not the whole of Miss Murdoch. She also has a sense of humor, a responsiveness to the human complex, and a subtle style all her own.

Peace Corps?

Papal Volunteers?

Lay Apostolate Overseas?

Young women interested in the overseas apostolate may attend:

Summer Volunteer Program
June 18-August 6

Latin-American Program
June 25-August 6

One Week Study Sessions
June 25, July 7, July 23

For Information:

International Catholic Auxiliaries
1734 Asbury Ave., Evanston, Ill.
(Archdiocese of Chicago)

Maynooth Union
Summer School

Fourth Session, June 26-29, 1961

Lecturers will include
BISHOP JOHN J. WRIGHT
of Pittsburgh

Residence and Lectures, Seven Pounds

Applications: Rev. Ronan Drury, Secretary

Maynooth Union
Summer School

St. Patrick's College, Maynooth, Ireland

BARNES & NOBLE, Inc.
105 Fifth Avenue, New York 3, N.Y.
Over 1,000,000 Used & New Textbooks
of all publishers at
reduced prices

REVIEWERS

Anne Fremantle, the well-known novelist, critic and lecturer, is a regular contributor to The Commonweal.

Thomas P. McDonnell, who contributes to a number of Catholic journals, has previously written about the work of Thomas Merton.

Max Cosman writes on literary and general cultural matters for various magazines.

A new work by

Romano Guardini

The eminent theologian explores the meaning of freedom, grace, and destiny — three concepts fundamental not only to Christianity, but to all true religion. He considers them in terms of Christian revelation and analyzes their significance in the light of common experience. This book will enable the reader to understand more fully Guardini's philosophy.

FREEDOM, GRACE, AND DESTINY

$4.00, now at your bookstore

PANTHEON

Classified

• **RATES: 20¢ a word, 12 words minimum. Centered lines: $1.20 a line, 2 lines minimum. Discounts: 5% for 3 times, 10% for 7 times, 15% for 13 times. Payable with order.**

Irish Books and Gifts

• **Books, Linens, Gifts, Catalogs IRISH INDUSTRIES DEPOT, INC. 876 Lexington Ave. (near 65th), New York 21, N.Y.**

Handmade Wedding Bands

• **HANDMADE LITURGICAL WEDDING BANDS. Renard A. Koehnemann, c/o St. Benet Shop, Jackson & Wabash Aves., Chicago 4, Ill.**

Hermitage

• **HOLY FAMILY HERMITAGE of Camoldolese, McConnesville, Ohio, needs vocations. Write for information above. Help the Hermits.**

Housing Investments

• **WANTED: Investors to back their words with deeds. Issue: Housing without discrimination. For prospectus write Morris Milgram, PLANNED COMMUNITIES, 84 Nassau, Princeton, N.J.**

A Subscription to
The Commonweal
is a warmly appreciated
Graduation or Ordination Gift

One year, $8

Two years, $15

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Liberal Magazine?

THERE IS A SENSE in which this magazine can only be described as liberal. In this sense, perhaps we should say that we are liberal without the capital "L"—we are liberal in an American rather than a European context. Certainly, many of the goals thought of in America as liberal are our goals, and many of the liberals' battles over the years have been our battles.

We stand for civil rights and for civil liberties, for social justice and racial equality, for international cooperation, for the rights of conscience and the utmost freedom of the human person under law. We support these things, and the means necessary to achieve them. And we have little patience with those Catholics who try to justify their own reluctance to join these battles by citing, out of context, the nineteenth century papal condemnation of continental Liberalism.

Thus it is that we often find ourselves in disagreement with many of our fellow-Catholics, not on matters of faith and morals but on issues involving practical, prudential judgments. An enthusiasm for Generalissimo Franco, for example, seems to be the hallmark of much of the Catholic press in this country, but we have never shared it. In some sections of the Catholic press, almost any right-wing political figure who talks loudly enough seems certain to be hailed as a great and commendable anti-Communist, but again we have always tended to view such men with a certain skepticism, placing more emphasis on deeds than on words.

Hence, we suppose, the designation of The Commonweal as liberal. And in the right context we are proud enough to carry it, even though we would hate to be identified with everything that has been done by some who called themselves liberals—with, for example, those who betrayed freedom by their apologies on behalf of Soviet tyranny before and during World War II. We want no part of such false liberalism, and never did. Instead, this magazine opposed both the Popular Front of the left, proposed by the Communists, and the Christian Front of the right, backed by Father Coughlin and his followers. On this record we would stand, and if taking these positions makes us liberal, we say good enough.

In the future, as in the past, the editors of this magazine will continue, to the best of their ability, to seek after justice and truth in the temporal order. If we are to judge by past experience, our opinions will sometimes be criticized as "too liberal"; at other times they will be damned as "too conservative." But we will always try to avoid the doctrinaire, the pat answer; the opinions that appear will continue to represent what we honestly believe. Our task, as we see it, is twofold: first of all, to stand for truth, and right, and justice, under whatever label they may be found; secondly, to try always to supply that larger context, involving a vision of man and of the meaning of history, without which liberalism and conservatism alike are incomplete.

—from the September 20, 1957 issue

THE COMMONWEAL, 232 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

Enclosed is $2. Please send the next 17 issues to:

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY, ZONE, STATE .....

6/9/61

For New Subscribers:

SPECIAL

TRIAL SUBSCRIPTION

OFFER

17 issues for $2

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED